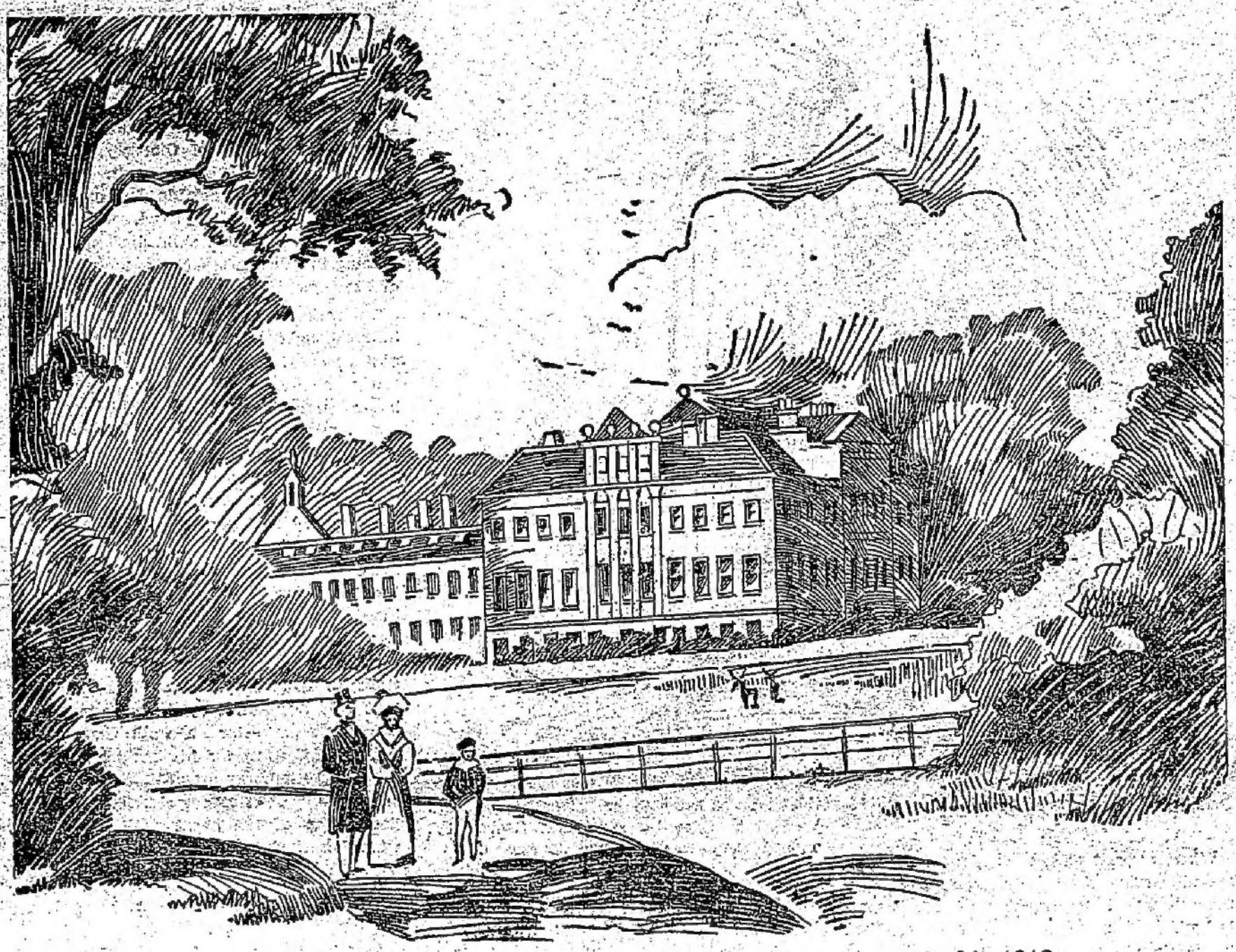
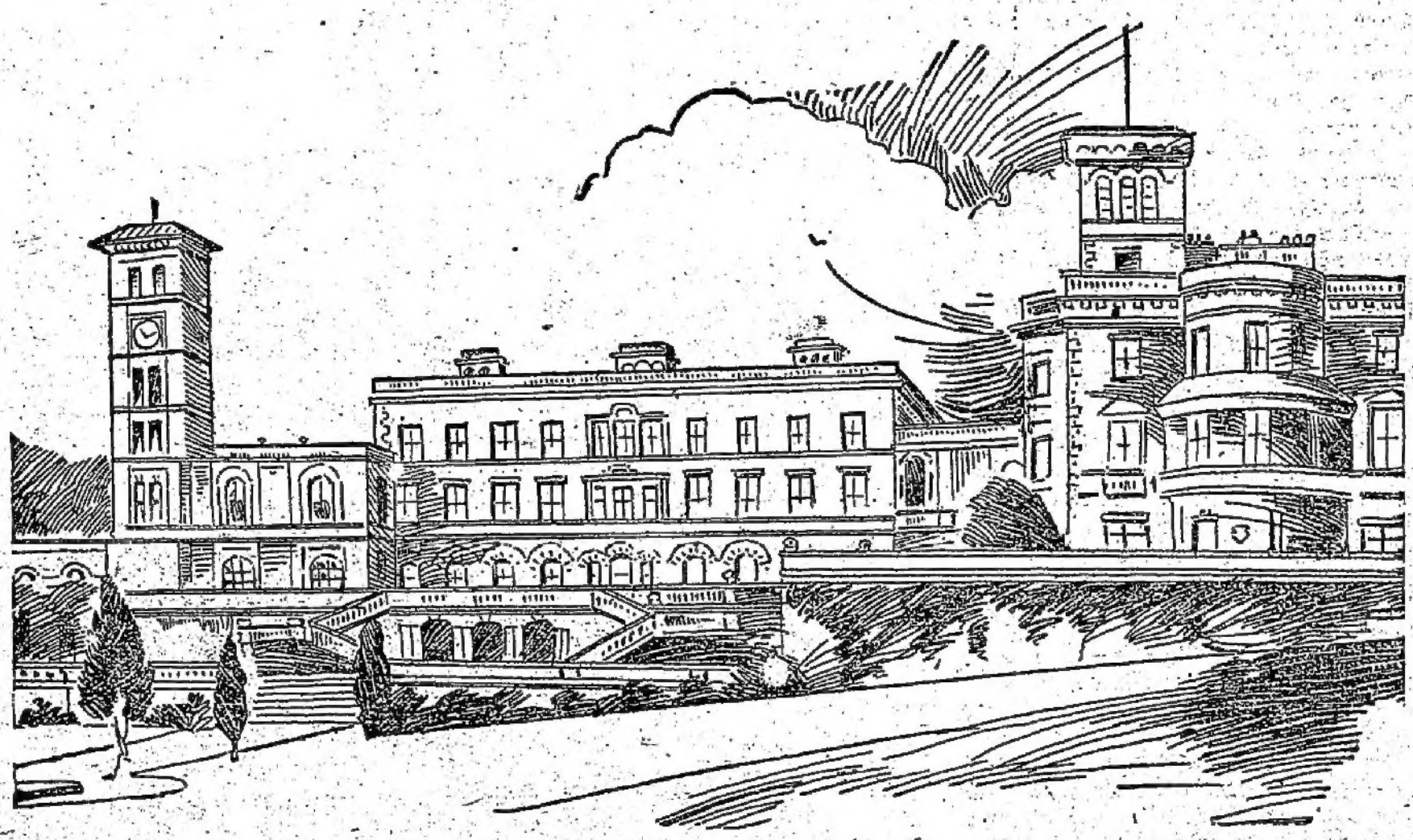
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 6. MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 8, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid



KENSINGTON PALACE, WHERE THE QUEEN WAS BORN, MAY 24, 1819.



OSBORNE HOUSE, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE THE QUEEN DIED.

THE QUEEN AGED SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Scenes From the Queen's Early Life.

When a great and good person dies we are all anxious to become acquainted with the events of that person's early life, knowing what an influence the training received in youth has upon the later days. And when it is the case of the death of a noble and beloved Sovereign such as the late Queen Victoria, that desire arises doubly strong within us. It will be our endeavor, then, to give a general picture of Her late Majesty's childhood and early youth, so that readers of the 'Northern Messenger' may see the development of the traits of character which fitted her to fulfil so nobly and faithfully her position as the ruler of a great nation and of a mighty Empire.

Her Majesty was born at Kensington Palace, London, on May 24, 1819. She was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and of her Serene Highness the widowed Victoria Mary Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld and sister of Prince Leopold.

The little Princess was baptized on June 24 in the grand saloon of Kensington Palace, and received the name of Alexandrina Victoria. The Prince Regent was godfather, and the sponsors were the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg and the Duchess Dowager of Coburg.

It is stated by the Hon. Amelia Murray, in her 'Recollections,' that the Duke of Kent wished to name his child Elizabeth, that being a popular name with the English people; but at the baptism the Prince Regent gave only the name of Alexandrina. The Duke requested that another name might be added, whereupon the Prince said: 'Give her her mother's also, then; but it cannot precede that of the Emperor.' So the Princess came to be called Alexandrina Victoria. Greville says that George IV. wished her to be christened Georgiana.

It is interesting to note that the Princess Victoria was successfully vaccinated in the following August, and that she was the first member of the Royal Family of Britain who received the benefit of Jenner's remarkable discovery.

There seemed little probability, then, that this Princess would ever become Queen of England, but a series of unexpected changes brought her soon near the throne.

Upon the death of Princess Charlotte, the only child of George IV., the Duke of York had become heir-presumptive to the throne. His Royal Highness had no children, however, and the Duke of Clarence, the third son of George III., came next. He and his wife, Princess Adelaide, had one daughter, who, if she had lived, would have been Queen. But this child died in infancy, leaving the Princess Victoria the only scion of the royal stock.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent with their infant daughter went to Sidmouth on the east coast of Devon, at the close of 1819. Early in the following year the Princess had a narrow escape from death.

A youth who had obtained possession of a gun fired at some small birds so near to the residence of their Royal Highnesses that the charge broke the nursery windows, and some of the shot passed quite close to the head of the infant Princess, then in the arms of her nurse. The offender was brought before the Duke, but owing to the kindliness of disposition of His Royal Highness, he escaped with a reprimand.

The stay at Sidmouth, however, was destined to end sadly. The Duke of Kent took cold occasioned by delaying to change his wet boots after a walk through the snow. Affection for his child had drawn him to the nursery immediately on reaching home. To a severe chill succeeded inflammation of the chest with high fever, which resulted fatally.

THE QUEEN AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS.

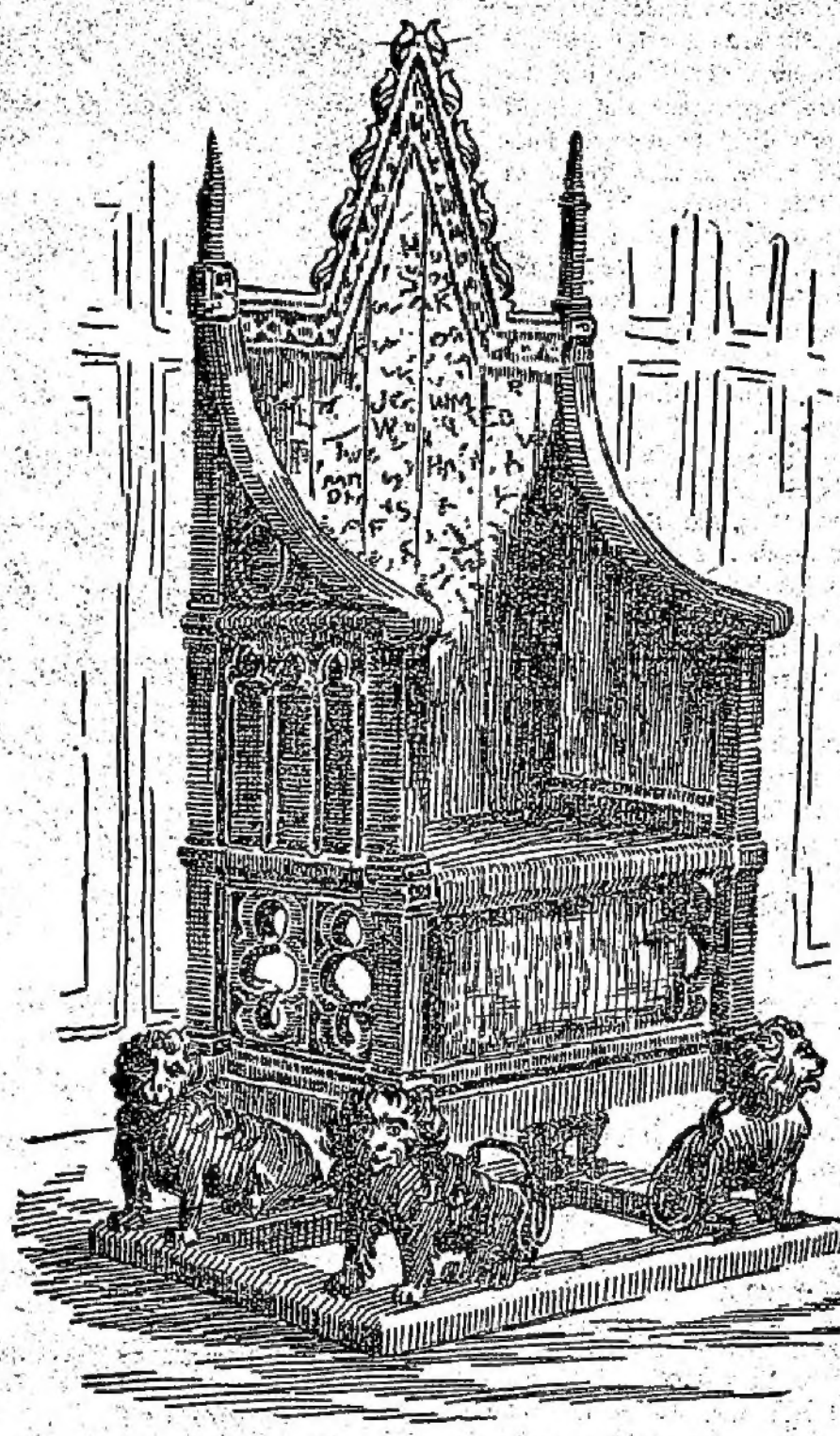
The Duke was perhaps more highly esteemed than any other son of George III. His public conduct was judicious and self-sacrificing. In the army he brought in many healthful reforms; after he ceased from active service in it he interested himself in humanitarian movements of all kinds, especially devoting himself to the cause of the widow and the orphan. The result was that he became known as the 'Popular Duke.' He was of regular and temperate habits, kind to all, and the firm friend of those who trusted him. He was also exceedingly generous. It was auspicious that the Queen should have had such a father, for many of his traits with the gentleness and uprightness which distinguished the mother descended in large measure upon the child.

Two days after the death of the Duke, the Duchess of Kent, with her baby and her brother, Prince Leopold, set out for London, and on June 29 the Duchess reached Kensington Palace—the day the Prince Regent became King.

Interesting stories are told of the times when Princess Victoria appeared at fifteen months' old, in a child's phaeton, tied safely to the vehicle with a broad ribbon round her waist. Her half-sister, Princess Feodore, some years her senior, would draw the child in this carriage. The baby liked to be noticed and answered all who spoke to her. She would say 'lady' and 'good morning,' and when told would hold out her soft dimpled hand to be kissed with an arch expression on her face. 'Her large blue eyes, beautiful bloom, and fair complexion, made her a model of infantine beauty.'

RESCUED BY AN IRISH SOLDIER.

On one occasion she was nearly killed by the upsetting of the pony carriage. A private soldier, named Maloney, claimed the honor of having saved England's future Sovereign on this occasion. He was walking



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

IN CORONATION ROBES.

through Kensington Gardens when he saw a very small pony-carriage in which was seated a child. The pony was led by a page, a lady walked on one side, and a young woman beside the chaise. A large water dog having got between the pony's legs, the startled pony made a plunge on one side and brought the wheels of the carriage on to the sidewalk. The child was thrown out head downwards, and would in a moment have been crushed beneath the weight of the carriage, then toppling over, had not Maloney grasped her dress before she came to the ground, and swung her into his arms. He restored her to the lady, and was praised by a number of persons, who speedily collected, for rescuing 'the little Drina,' as the child was called. He was told to follow the carriage to the Palace, where he received a guinea from the Duchess of Kent for 'saving the life of her dear child, the Princess Alexandrina.' Such was the statement of Maloney made late in life and published in the daily journals.

William Wilberforce had a very early introduction to the Princess Victoria, and the way in which he records it shows the childlike simplicity of his nature. Writing to Hannah More, July 21, 1820, he says: 'In consequence of a very civil message from the Duchess of Kent I waited on her this morning. She received me with her fine, animated child on the floor by her side with its playthings, of which I soon became one.'

REGULARITY OF LIFE.

The widowed Duchess resolved that the

child should be brought up under her own eye. 'A few months after the birth of my child,' said the Duchess, describing her situation at this time 'my infant and myself were awfully deprived of father and husband. We stood alone, almost friendless and unknown in this country. I could not even speak the language of it. I did not hesitate how to act. I gave up my home, my kindred, and other duties to devote myself to a duty which was to be the sole object of my future life.'

And an admirable home-training was the result of this devotion.

The life at Kensington was very simple. 'The family party met at breakfast at eight o'clock in summer time, the Princess Victoria having her bread and milk and fruit put on a little table by her mother's side. After breakfast the Princess Feodora studied with the governess Baroness Lehzen, and the Princess Victoria went for an hour's walk or drive. From ten to twelve her mother taught her; after which she would amuse herself by running through the suite of rooms which extended round two sides of the palace, and in which were many of her toys. Her nurse was a Mrs. Brock, whom the Princess used to call her 'dear, dear Boppy.' At two came a plain dinner while the Duchess took her luncheon. After this, lessons again till four; then would come a visit or drive; and after that the Princess would ride or walk in the gardens; or occasionally, on very fine evenings, the whole party would sit out on the lawn under the trees. At the time of her mother's dinner the Princess had her supper laid at her side; then, after playing with her nurse, she would join the party at dessert and at nine she would retire to her bed, which was placed by the side of her mother's.'

HER EDUCATION.

When the Princess was five years old, in response to a message from her uncle King George IV., Parliament voted an annual grant of £6,000 to the Duchess of Kent for the education of the young Princess. A suitable preceptor was now sought for and the Duchess chose the Rev. George Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. She made it a rule that the Bible should be daily read to the young Princess. The Duchess confided fully in Dr. Davys, and he retained his post for years.

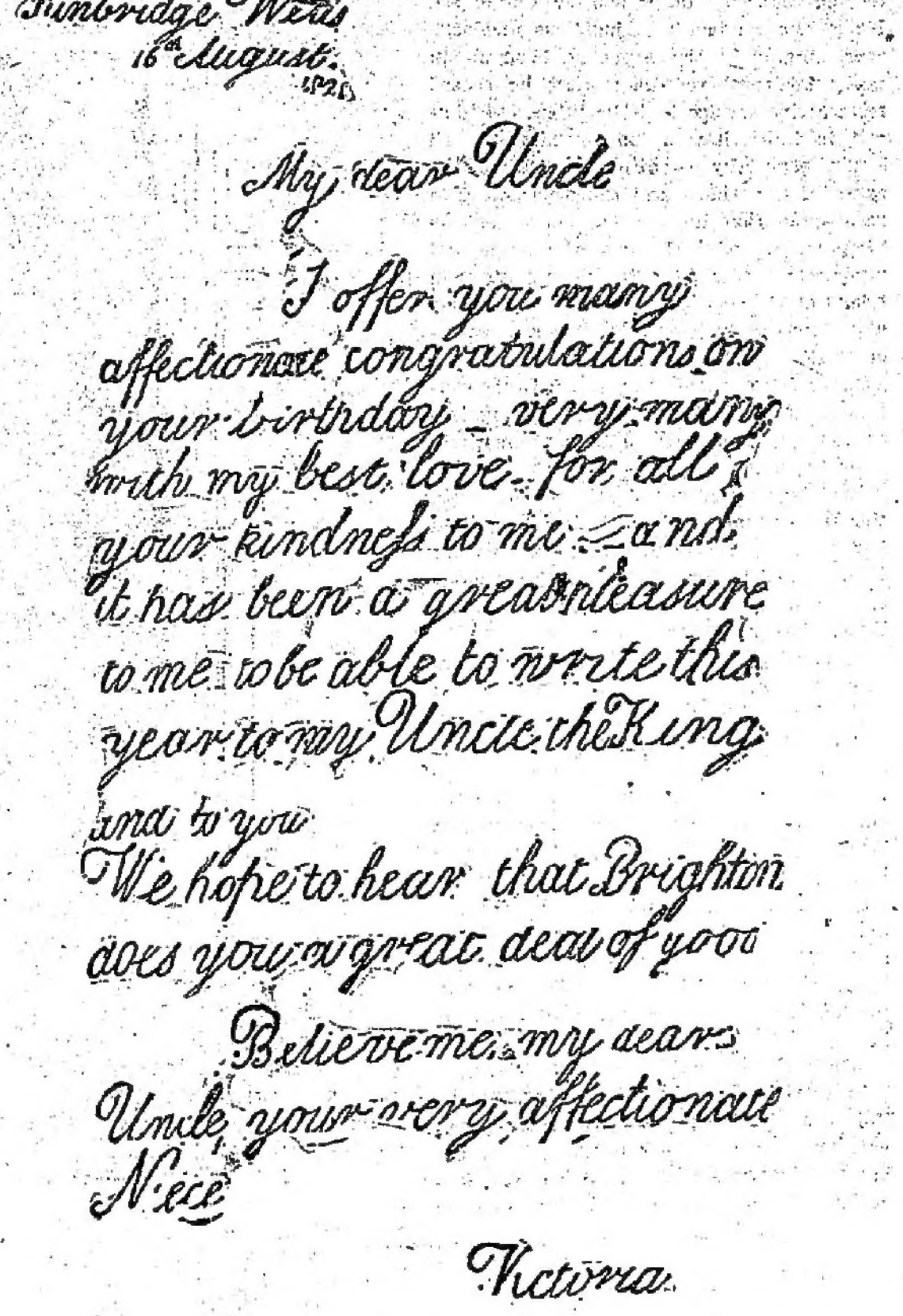
The Baroness Lehzen was also retained through the whole term of the Princess's education and proved an excellent teacher. After six years spent under the care of her tutors, the Princess could claim many accomplishments. Owing to the exercise of unusual natural abilites she could speak French and German with fluency and was acquainted with Italian. She had made some progress in Latin, being able to read Virgil and Horace with ease. She had commenced Greek and studied mathematics in which she showed proficiency; and she had likewise made great progress in music and drawing.

Occasionally the child longed for companions of her own age, and the following anecdote is related: As the Princess took much delight in music her mother sent for a noted child performer of the day, called Lyra, to amuse her with her performances on the harp. On one occasion while the young musician was playing one of her favorite airs the Duchess of Kent left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she found the harp deserted. The heiress of England had beguiled the little minstrel from her instrument by the display of some of her costly toys and the children were discovered 'seated side by side on the hearthrug in a state of high enjoyment surrounded by the Princess's playthings from which she was making the most liberal selections for the acceptance of poor little Lyra.'

Charles Knight, in his 'Passages of a Working Life,' gives a glimpse of the Princess as he saw her in 1827. 'I delighted to walk in Kensington Gardens,' he says. 'As I passed along the broad central walk I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which to my mind was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending them at a respectful distance: the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the fair, soft English face is bright with smiles. What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this royal girl that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye; that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny; that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature; that she should not be restrained when she starts up from the breakfast table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre; that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her.' I passed on and blessed her and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training.'

SHE DID NOT FORGET.

An illustration of the Princess's kindness of heart and of her filial solicitude in carrying out the wishes of her parents occurred in connection with the family of a soldier named Hillman. It appears that Hillman was with the Duke of Kent when he was at Gibraltar. The Duke's regiment were inclined to mutiny, but Hillman remained faithful. Upon his return to England the Duke provided a cottage for Hillman near his palace at Kensington. Just before his death His Royal Highness begged his wife to look after the soldier and his family. This wish the Duchess faithfully observed, taking her daughter with her on her visits. Hillman at length died leaving one son and a daughter. The boy was very ill, and the Princess Victoria visited him at frequent intervals until his death. The daughter also suffered from a complication of diseases. Two days after the Princess's accession to the throne the child's regular pastor visited her and found her unusually bright and cheerful. Being questioned as to the cause of this, she drew forth from under her pillow a book of Psalms. 'Look there,' she said, 'look what the new Queen has sent me to-day by one of her ladies, with the message that "though now Queen of England, as she had to leave


Sunbridge Wells
16th August.
1828

My dear Uncle

I offer you many affectionate congratulations on your birthday very many with my best love for all your kindness to me and it has been a great pleasure to me to be able to write this year to my Uncle the King and to you
We hope to hear that Brighton does you a great deal of good
Believe me my dears
Uncle your very affectionate
Niece
Victoria

A LETTER FROM PRINCESS VICTORIA WHEN SEVEN YEARS OLD.

Kensington, she did not forget me."' The messenger from the Queen told the sick girl that the lines and figures in the margin of the book were the dates of the days on which the Queen herself used to read the Psalms and that the marker with the little peacock on it was worked by the Princess's own hand. "Was it not beautiful, sir?" added the girl, bursting into tears.

The words above quoted, 'She did not forget me,' emphasize a very admirable trait in our late Queen's character. From her very earliest years she remembered and studied to the last the welfare of those in whom she had once taken an interest. Considering the principles in which she was reared, there was no wonder that the Princess developed from a dutiful daughter into a loving wife, a vigilant mother, a kind mistress, a generous benefactor and an exemplary Christian.

The Princess was an excellent singer, and had for her master the famous Lablache. She was also a good dancer, and excelled in archery. But of all out-door sports she was most passionately fond of that of riding, and she was much devoted to the animals that bore her.

GOOD NIGHT, BROWN.

However, the Princess would have been no true child if she never displayed an imperfection. She was impulsive and sometimes not a little wilful and imperious, and the following incident is an amusing testimony of this trait:

On one occasion the Duchess of Kent had to rebuke her daughter for treating the family doctor in a manner hardly courteous, inasmuch as she had taken to calling him 'Brown,' without the prefix of 'Mr.' Such conduct was entirely contrary to the spirit of her education. Her mother, in reproving her, threatened that if she offended in the same way again she would be sent to bed. It is not to be wondered at that the Princess, who showed so brave a spirit as Queen, should be by no means daunted at this prospect. The next time that Dr. Brown called Victoria stepped up and greeted him with 'How d'ye do, Brown? And I may as well say "Good night, Brown," for mamma says I've got to go to bed for calling you Brown.' And without waiting for a word from the Duchess, off she went to bed.

Miss Jane Porter, the author of 'The Scottish Chiefs,' and other books, in a private letter which she wrote shortly after the Queen's accession, tells how she used to meet the young Princess in her daily walks, and says of her: 'She was a beautiful child wtih a cherubic form of features, clustered round by glossy fair ringlets. Her complexion was remarkably transparent, with a soft but often heightening tinge of the sweet blush-rose upon her cheeks that imparted a peculiar brilliancy to her clear blue eyes. Whenever she met any strangers in her usual paths she always seemed by the quickness of her glance to inquire who and what they were?'

The Duchess of Kent early made her daughter familiar with the features of her own country, interesting her in it by personal visits to its chief cities and towns. Mother and child visited together Birmingham, Worcester, Kenilworth, Carnarvon, and other places, with their strange commingling of historic interest and modern enterprise.

I WILL BE GOOD.

It was not until the Princess Victoria was twelve years old that she became aware of her nearness to the British throne. The account of the momentous conversation that took place is furnished in a letter written by the Baroness Lehzen, and as the Queen herself placed the letter before her subjects its authenticity is beyond question.

The Baroness wrote:—'I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now for the first time your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table in the historical book.

THE DUKE OF KENT,
Father of the Queen.

When Mr. Davys (the Princess's instructor) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again as usual and seeing the additional paper, said, "I never saw that before." "It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess," I answered. "I see I am nearer the throne than I thought." "So it is, madam," I said. After some moments the Princess answered, "Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility." The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me

THE DUCHESS OF KENT,
Mother of the Queen.

that little hand, saying, "I will be good. I understand now why you urged me to learn even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of the English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it; but I understand all better now." And the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, "I will be good."'

THE QUEEN'S GIRLHOOD.

The Princess Victoria's first appearance at court during the reign of her uncle, William IV., and his Queen, Adelaide, was made at the celebration of Queen Adelaide's birthday—Feb. 24, 1831. The drawing-room held by Her Majesty was a brilliant affair. The Princess stood on Queen Adelaide's left hand. Her dress was made entirely of articles manufactured in the United Kingdom. 'She wore a frock of English blonde over white satin, a pearl necklace, and a rich diamond agrafe fastened the Madonna braids of her fair hair at the back of her head. She was the object of interest and admiration to all assembled.'

In 1833 the Duchess and her daughter took up their residence at their beautiful seat of Norris Castle, Isle of Wight. A tourist on one occasion strolled into the old churchyard at Arreton, in the neighborhood, to search out the grave of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the heroine of Leigh Richmond's popular religious story, 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' Beside a grassy mound he discovered a lady and young girl seated, 'the latter reading aloud in a full melodious voice the touching tale of the Christian maiden. The tourist turned away and soon after was told by the sexton that the pilgrims to the humble grave were the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria.'

In June, 1835, the Princess Victoria appeared with the Royal Family at the Ascot races. 'The Princess was then just sixteen, not very tall in stature yet, but glowing with youth, health and happiness. Her hair, which appeared of an almost flaxen hue, was braided in what were known as Clotilde bands, the ancient style worn by the Plantagenet Queens, and it became the Princess's contour of face exceedingly well. For costume she wore a large pink bonnet and a rose-colored satin dress, with a pelerine cape trimmed with black lace.' Though the cynosure of all eyes, it is stated that she seemed much more delighted at any expression of loyalty bestowed on her royal uncle, the King, than by all the applause bestowed on herself.

In August, 1835, the Princess was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. When the Archbishop represented to her the great responsibility attaching to her station and when he spoke of the struggle she must prepare for between the world and Heaven, and above all of the absolute necessity of her looking up to the King of Kings for counsel and support in all the trials that awaited her, her composure gradually gave way till at length she was bathed in tears, and she laid her head on her mother's shoulder and sobbed aloud.

VISIT OF PRINCE ALBERT.

In May, 1836, the Duke of Coburg, together with his two sons, Prince Ernest and Prince Albert, cousins to the Princess, visited England and spent nearly four weeks at Kensington Palace with the Duchess of Kent. It was now that the Princess Victoria saw for the first time her future husband. Before Prince Albert bade farewell to his fair cousin they went together to behold the touching spectacle of the anniversary of the London Charity Schools at St. Paul's. After the proceedings were over the royal party took luncheon with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the many citizens who were present testified to the frank, unaffected manner of both Princess and Princes.

The Princess Victoria attained her legal majority on May 24, 1837, being then eighteen years of age. She was serenaded at Kensington Palace at seven in the morning, by a band of thirty-seven vocal and instrumental performers in full dress. Her Royal Highness sat at one of the windows

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

during the performance and graciously asked for the repetition of one of the songs, which had an allusion to her mother. Her royal birthday was observed as a holiday in London and neither House of Parliament sat. A grand state ball was given at St. James's Palace at which a brilliant party assembled to do honor to Her Royal Highness; but the King and Queen were absent on account of the illness of the former. At this ball the Princess for the first time took precedence of her mother, occupying the central chair of state.

The Princess's last appearance in public as heiress presumptive was at the memorable charity ball given at the Opera House for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers. Her life as Princess thus closed with a charitable act, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that the terrible sufferings which afflicted the poor in the East End of London were soon afterwards alleviated.

We have now come to the parting of the ways, for within a month the King's illness was to prove fatal and the young Princess was to enter upon her career as the great Sovereign of a mighty Empire.

She had grown up a fair and graceful type of the English maiden and notwithstanding her high destiny she had been reared in the paths of duty and of self-sacrifice. Who knows not how to serve, knows not how to govern.

[For much of the above narrative we are indebted to Mr. G. Barnett Smith's 'Life of Queen Victoria.']

WINDSOR CASTLE AND OSBORNE.

The Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyle, a few years ago wrote an interesting account in the 'Youth's Companion,' of how the Queen spent Christmas. In the course of it, describing Windsor Castle and

HER MAJESTY ALEXANDRA, THE QUEEN CONSORT.

Osborne, he said, 'the love that went out to the Queen saw her at Christmas time enter in the fortress-palace which the British people have kept for their monarchs since the days of the Norman Conquest, namely, Windsor, or residing in the seaside house of Osborne, which she and her husband built and filled with beautiful things. At Windsor there was more state than at the Queen's private place on the south coast. The inland fortress is a national fortress and was not her own. Within its ancient battlemented walls which include the whole crest of a hill above the Thames, there is a fine church, with all the buildings for a number of clergy and officer pensioners in what is called the lower ward or division of the fortress. Then comes the central ward, with the immense Round Tower rising from an artificially strengthened circular mound, then the upper ward surrounded with palaces.

Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, however, belonged wholly to the Queen. The Isle of Wight is separated from the main south shore of England by a sound or part of the sea called the Solent. Opposite to the north side of the island, which is over twenty-five miles long are the harbors of Southampton, from which liners sail to all parts of the world and Portsmouth, the great war harbor of the British navy. So that the Queen when she looked from the window of her fine palace which stands, built high on terraces among woods, only a quarter of a mile from the shore, saw ships going to America and elsewhere and heard the great guns of the warship practicing firing at Portsmouth. Then she always had one

battleship as a seaguard of honor lying in an adjacent bay of the island. On this bay is the little town of Cowes, and it is off this bay that all the racing yachts are anchored when German and American and English yachts compete.'

King Edward VII.

SOME OF HIS LEADING CHARACTERISTICS.

What sort of a man is this who has stepped into his mother's place and claims our allegiance as much from our sympathy as our loyalty?

The King has always been noted in private life for his kindly and affectionate character; and his kindliness and thoughtfulness for others, so eminent a characteristic of Queen Victoria, he has carried so consistently into his public life that there is perhaps no one more universally popular in Great Britain. But besides this he is eminently adroit and possesses tact in the highest sense of the word. He is extremely sensitive to public opinion, and is keenly alive to the progress of modern ideas. He realizes, as much as does any man in England, that the distinctions of caste and class, and even the prestige of royalty, are rapidly passing away before the uprising tide of democratic spirit among the English people. He fully understands that royalty and the institutions immediately connected with it depend for their future existence upon its making concessions to this popular advance and to keeping in touch, so far as possible, with popular sympathies.

There is no man of high rank in England who studies the public so closely, and it is in this that he has shown his greatest ability. The fact that he is to-day one of the most popular men in England is not owing to the fact that he is the heir-apparent to the throne. It is due simply to his conduct in his position. He holds himself aloof from no class. He cultivates every element of English social life. He has even identified himself with the commercial class. For several years he acted as treasurer of the Inner Temple, bringing himself in close relations with the legal profession. He constantly studies to bring himself in close contact with the active, pushing, dominating business elements of England. He can always be relied upon to assist at any public demonstration. He can always be had to assist at all meetings and gatherings for the benefit of the public. Hospitals, churches, public buildings of all kinds find in him ready assistance, real business tact, and energy in helping them to carry out their objects.

A JUDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

He has, too, the rare quality of never forgetting a name or a face. There is no man in Europe who has a more remarkable memory for names and faces than he. This has been tested over and over again. People whom he has met casually and with whom he has exchanged but a few words have been very much surprised to be recognized by him several years afterward. This is undoubtedly a very strong element in his character so far as popularity is concerned. He is a most excellent judge of human nature, and may be said to be a graduate of the science of the study of man. He forms the most accurate judgment concerning people. He nearly always estimates people near him at their full value, although this estimate may not be shown in his conduct toward them. Sometimes his near friends will think that he is deceived in people with whom he happens to associate for the time, but when they come to talk to him privately they very soon learn that he understands fully the character of the people with whom he is dealing.

One of the most successful qualities of the King's character has been his ability to make a good public speech. He is not an eloquent man, and none of his speeches are out of the ordinary way, but are always short, simple, plain and unpretentious. They reflect that perfect good taste that is one of his most eminent characteristics, and never fail to please the audience to which they are addressed. These addresses are always carefully adapted to the people to whom they are spoken. They fit into the occasion. For the royal orator is always very careful and happy in his local allusions. The fact that he is able to avoid public criticism is due in the main to his discretion and his diplomatic tact.

Perhaps the most trying feature of the position which the King as Prince of Wales so long adorned was the fact that while he was expected to take the widest possible interest in the affairs of the nation and the Empire, yet he was utterly precluded from taking any part in the same. The Englishman on his native heath is nothing if he is not a politician, and the heir to the throne is an Englishman to the core. It is safe to say that there was not a subject of popular interest that came up for discussion in which he did not take a keen interest, yet by reason of his position and because it was essential that he should not appear to side with one party more than another, he was obliged to remain absolutely neutral. Theoretically he has had the right to vote in the House of Lords and to take part in its debates, but practically he has been precluded from taking part in any of the proceedings except in those rare instances when the matter in hand was entirely outside of party lines. He has never voted but once in the House of Peers, and that was on the bill to authorize marriage between a man and his deceased wife's sister. He has known too well that royalty in England owes its strength to occupying an entirely neutral position, and that it would be soon endangered were it to be embroiled with political factions. So careful was the Prince at all times that not even among his intimate associates did he ever express his opinions on political subjects.—Montreal 'Witness.'

'Moody's Anecdotes.'

The secret of D. L. Moody's great success as an evangelist may be learned in part by examining a copy of the book issued by the Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago (of which Mr. Moody was president), entiled 'Moody's Anecdotes.' This book is a compilation of the anecdotes, illustrations and personal incidents used by Mr. Moody in his addresses. 'Anecdotes, he says in the preface, 'are like windows to let the light in upon a subject.'

Mr. Moody then relates a case that happened in Baltimore, showing the power of anecdotes. 'When I was preaching in Baltimore in 1879, an infidel reporter, who believed I was a humbug, came to the meeting with the express purpose of catching me in my remarks. He believed that my stories and anecdotes were all made up, and he intended to expose me in his paper.

'One of the anecdotes told was as follows:

'"A gentleman was walking down the streets of a city some time before. It was near Christmas time, and many of the shop windows were filled with Christmas presents and toys. As this gentleman passed along, he saw three little girls standing before a shop window. Two of them were trying to describe to the third the things that were in the window. It aroused his attention, and he wondered what it could mean. He went back, and found that the middle one was blind—she had never been able to see—and her two sisters were endeavoring to tell her how the things looked. The gentleman stood beside them some time and listened; he said it was most interesting to hear them trying to describe the different articles to the blind child—they found it a difficult task."

'"That is just my position in trying to tell other men about Christ," I said; "I may talk about him; and yet they see no beauty in him that they should desire him. But if they will only come to him, he will open their eyes and reveal himself to them in all his loveliness and grace."

'After the meeting this reporter came to me and asked where I got that story. I said I had read it in a Boston paper. He told me that it had happened right there in the streets of Baltimore, and that he was the gentleman referred to. It made such an impression on him that he accepted Christ and became one of the first converts in that city.

'Many and many a time I have found that when the sermon—and even the text—has been forgotten, some story has fastened itself in a hearer's mind, and has borne fruit.'

The Sunday View.

When a gentleman was inspecting a house in Newcastle, with a view to hiring it as a residence, the landlord took him to the upper window, expatiated on the extensive prospect, and added, 'You can see Durham Cathedral from this window on a Sunday.' 'Why on a Sunday, above any other day?' inquired our friend, with some degree of surprise. The reply was conclusive enough. 'Because on that day there is no smoke from those tall chimneys.' Blessed is the Sabbath to us, when the earth-smoke of care and turmoil no longer beclouds our view; then our souls full often behold the goodly land, and the city of the new Jerusalem.—'Day of Day.'

BILLY BRAY.

An interesting anecdotal sketchy life of one of the most effective preachers ever used by God for the salvation of souls. It is a wonderful record of what the Holy Spirit accomplished through an illiterate man. Paper cover. Free to every subscriber sending two bona fide new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at thirty cents each.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN EPHESIANS.

Feb. 10, Sun.—Children obey your parents in the Lord.
Feb. 11, Mon.—Honor thy father and mother.
Feb. 12, Tues.—Be obedient.
Feb. 13, Wed.—Not with eye service as men pleasers.
Feb. 14, Thur.—With good will, doing service as unto the Lord and not unto men.
Feb. 15, Fri.—We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works.
Feb. 16, Sat.—He is our peace.

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.

The Truth in a Dream.

Here is a little story from the 'Sunbeam.' Read it and see if it helps you. Sin is always trying to make us prisoners. It is only Jesus who can set us free.

You cannot imagine a more delightful picture: a farmhouse, built a century ago, with stone walls and broad windows; a barn with a hill door, sweet hay lofts, and the tread of resting horses; opposite the house, a lane bordered by velvety hedges that seem like fingers pointing to the shadowy woods.

In a swing under a chestnut tree sits a girl. Her bare feet pat the hard path restlessly.

Her thoughts are in her face: 'I hate this gingham. I want pretty dresses and shoes! I don't care if I am stronger than Louise! I don't care if I do know more! I hate it!'

'Madge!' called her mother, 'I want you to pick berries.'

Madge started and ran away from the voice, along the lane. Nor did she stop until she reached a mossy spot by the brook. She flung herself down, cried a little and then slept.

A voice startled her: 'This is our prisoner.'

Then a chorus of mocking laughter rose.

All around her were little elves with grewsome faces. Madge could feel a dark web they were tightening, while she lay helpless.

The first voice gave orders:

'Ill-temper, draw the lines about her mouth.'

'Envy, fasten those bare feet.'

'Selfishness, pull her hands close to her side.'

'Our magic is woven,
The maiden is ours.'

'Unless,' began one; but they all cried, 'Hist!' and would not let him finish.

Then they fled, leaving Madge under the web.

Soon Madge saw her mother walking under the trees and weeping sadly.

'My dear daughter, how you make me suffer!'

'Mother!' cried Madge; and the web broke.

There was her mother, though Madge had dreamed the rest. Madge told it as they walked home in the starlight.

'It's truer than most dreams,' said her mother, 'for the evil the world weaves around itself can only be broken by Christ who suffered.'

'I'll not make him suffer again, nor you either, mother,' said Madge.

'O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming love,
And try His work to do.'
—'Little Pilgrim.'

MINDING BABY.

None so good and kind as Ben,
Here he is, you see,
Minding little brother Jack,
Nicely as can be.

He will build a house of bricks,
Play at bat and ball,
Make such funny shadows dance
On the kitchen wall.

Then he'll tell a pretty tale,
Just to keep Jack good,
All about a little maid
Called Red-Riding Hood.

Just at bed-time, he will cry,
'Wake up, Master Jack!
Who's this tapping at the door,
Peeping through the crack?

'Why, it's mother, little rogue!
Go to her and say,
That you've been as good as gold
All the long, long day!

Helping Somebody.

The life of Sir Bartle Frere, the great Indian statesman, has recently been published. The character of the man comes out in a single paragraph. No one was more noted for the genial and sociable interest he took in all about him.

'Once when he went to England, Mrs Frere went to meet him at the station, taking a servant, whom she told to help her find him when the train came in. The man asked how he was to recognize Sir Bartle. "Look for a tall gentleman helping somebody," she said. The description was sufficient. He was found helping an old lady out of the railway coach.' 'Straws show which way the wind blows.' The character of a man—or a boy—is best determined by the so-called 'little things' of life. Are you known as a boy who is always 'helping somebody?'—'Bright Jewels.'

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 17.

The Lord's Supper.

Matthew xxvi., 17-30. Memory verses, 26-28. Read Luke xxii., 7-30; John xiii., 1 to xvi., 33. Compare I. Cor. xi., 20-27.

Golden Text.

'This do in remembrance of me.'—Luke xxii., 19.

The Bible Lesson.

20. Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve.

21. And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?

23. And he answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.

24. The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born.

25. Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said, Master is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said.

26. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

27. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

28. For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

29. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

30. And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

Lesson Hymn.

'This is My body, which is given for you;
Do this,' He said, and brake, 'remembering Me.'
O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,
To us the Bread of Life each moment be.

'This is My blood, for sin's remission shed,'
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round.
So let us drink, and on life's fulness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

'The hour has come!' with us in peace sit down;
Thine own beloved, O love us to the end;
Serve us our banquet, ere the night's dark frown
Veil from our sight the presence of our Friend.

Girded with love, still wash Thy servants' feet,
While they, submissive, wonder and adore
Bathed in Thy blood, our spirits every whit
Are clean: yet cleanse our goings more and more.

Some will betray Thee—'Master, is it I?'
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves, mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the strong, for strength, when sin is near.

But round us fall the evening shadows dim,
A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear Thy voice, 'Arise, let us go hence.'—

—C. L. Ford.

Suggestions.

The Passover feast was the most important of the great Jewish festivals, commemorating as it did the salvation of the children of Israel from the bondage of Egypt, and foretokening that Sacrifice whose acceptance would mean the salvation of the whole world from the bondage of sin. On the first day of the feast two of the disciples were directed by our Lord to go to Jerusalem and there they would see a man carrying a jug of water, he would show them a large upper room furnished and prepared, here they should make ready the supper. (Mark xiv., 12-16.) In the evening our Lord went with all the disciples to the room which had been prepared, dusty and tired they sat down, each expecting one of the others to pour water over their dusty feet as was the custom before meals. But the disciples were all too proud to wait on each other, so, after waiting a little while, Jesus himself arose and took the place of servant to his proud followers, thus showing the dignity of service and the foolish vanity of the pride that hinders service.

As they were eating, Jesus warned his disciples that one of them was about to betray him, one of those who was even then dipping his bread into the central dish from which they all ate. With fear and trembling they each asked, 'Is it I?' and when Judas asked the question, our Lord solemnly answered, 'Thou hast said,' yet Judas did not repent, but with a heart full of hatred went out to complete his plans for the betrayal of Jesus. Then, as they were finishing the meal, Jesus took bread, and breaking it gave to each disciple a part, saying, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup containing the pure fresh juice of grapes and said, This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins, drink ye all of it. Many scholars have thought that by these words our Lord meant that the bread and wine used were actually turned into flesh and blood by these words; yet when our Lord says, I am the door, they do not set themselves to worshipping wooden doors, which would seem just as sensible. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. (John iv., 24.) Spiritual truths are spiritually discerned. (I. Cor. ii., 14.)

Our Lord gave thanks as he passed the cup, which represented his blood so freely shed for all, from the Greek word meaning to give thanks comes the word Eucharist, which is used as a title of the Lord's Supper. This feast is also called the Holy Communion, for here the children of God may have fellowship and communion with Christ and with each other in Christ. Jesus wants us to talk to him and to listen to him and to think about him in just as real and personal a way as if we were in that little company of disciples around the table on that memorable night of the last supper. He is the Bread of Life, we must feed on him in our hearts by faith.

Questions.

How did the disciples know where to prepare the Passover supper? How did they learn that it was much nobler to serve than to be served? Was Judas warned and given a chance to repent? Why did he not repent? How did our Lord represent the breaking of his body and the shedding of his blood? For whom is his blood shed? How can we feed upon his life?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Feb. 17.—Topic—Confessing Christ. Matt. x., 32-39.

Junior C. E. Topic.

KEEPING FROM BAD COMPANY.

Mon., Feb. 11.—Wrong against right.—Rom. vii., 21.

Tues., Feb. 12.—Evil is catching.—II. Kings xiii., 1, 2.

Wed., Feb. 13.—Companions show character.—Dan. i., 17-20.

Thu., Feb. 14.—Companions affect our future.—I. Kings xi., 12-14, xvi., 20.

Fri., Feb. 15.—Good friends are helpful.—Acts. xii., 5.

Sat., Feb. 16.—The kind of friends to choose.—Prov. xiii., 20; Phil. iv., 8.

Sun., Feb. 17.—Topic—Why should we avoid evil companions?—Ps. i., 1-6; I. Cor. xv., 33.

Free Church Catechism.

20. Q.—What must we do in order to be saved?

A. —We must repent of our sin and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

21. Q.—What is it to repent?

A.—He who truly repents of his sin not only confesses it with shame and sorrow, but above all he turns from it to God with sincere desire to be forgiven and steadfast purpose to sin no more.

22. Q.—What is it to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?

A.—It means that we rely on him as our Teacher, Saviour and Lord, putting our whole trust in the grace of God through him.

Personal Effort for Conversion of Scholars.

(By the Rev. J. B. Kanaga, A.M.)

A superintendent in Pennsylvania called a meeting of the officers and teachers to consider the need of more earnest personal work for the conversion of the scholars. It was a deeply spiritual meeting in which every teacher was brought face to face with the real object of all their effort. Soon after on Sabbath morning the following appeal was put into the hand of each teacher by the superintendent:

'Dear Teacher and Co-Worker:—In accordance with prevailing and expressed sentiment at our teachers' meeting held a few weeks ago, that if we want our scholars saved we must do more personal work, I have concluded to ask you to put forth an extra effort from to-day until a week from next Wednesday evening, when we expect to hold another teachers' meeting. At that meeting we want a report of the personal work done in your class and with what success; also the discouragements. We want to talk matters over together; we want to suggest and learn from each other. May I not ask you to make your class the subject of your daily prayers? Also to pray for me. But I do not ask you to do it for my sake, but for the sake of Jesus, who not only took up his cross, but died upon it for you and me. "Let him know that he which converted the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins.'—James v., 20.

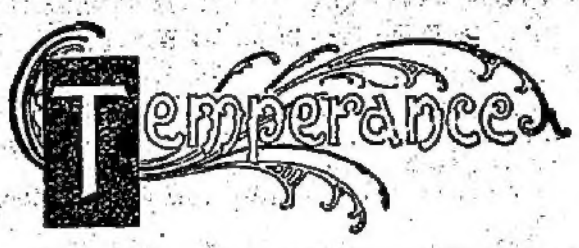
'Yours in the work,
'The Superintendent.'

I do not believe that any teacher could receive such messages from the superintendent and attend such meeting of the officers and teachers without profit and awakening a desire to see all their scholars brought to Christ and built up in him. Such methods should be employed everywhere as a legitimate, proper and timely means to the end of all the varied activities of this great institution. When once all the officers and teachers and preachers are aroused to extra efforts to bring every unsaved scholar to Christ and into the sheltering fold of the Church, and such excellent methods more frequently and generally used, we shall witness a new era in Sunday-school work.—'Evangelical Teacher.'

Temperance Sunday.

At this time, when the secular papers are giving increased attention to the discussion of the liquor question, the church and the Sunday school would take no backward step. The average round of church and Sunday school work, with its excessive social features and functions, does not specifically fortify the young people against the drink evil. The church needs the temperance lesson for its own purely selfish protection, to say nothing about anything else. It cannot perpetuate itself without securing young people. It cannot get even a majority of the boys and girls in the Sunday schools, if it leaves them unfortified against drink. What is more it cannot hold them if it permits them to grow up uninterested in the temperance question.—'True Reform.'

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both Hemispheres.



Watching the Holy Spirit at Work.

A BIT OF PASTORAL EXPERIENCE.

(By the Rev. Charles L. Hyde, in the 'Congationalist.')

I had learned the man was sick, and called to see him. His daughter announced me, and after a little hesitation I was admitted to the sick room. He was drunk, had been drinking steadily since Monday, but still was able to talk quite intelligently. He began: 'Well, you see the condition I'm in. What do you think of it?'

'I am very sorry to see it.'

'So am I, but I can't help it. Glad my wife is away. Perhaps I shouldn't have done it if she had been here.'

Then, after a pause: 'Why don't you go for me? Why don't you rip me up the back? My wife always said the minute I came into the room you were always tongue-tied. Now, why don't you give it to me? It makes no difference if I am an older man than you, I want you to just do your worst—I need it.'

Drunk as he was, he was in the agony of conviction of sin. I dare not write out his expressions of contempt for himself. I went home in shame that I had deserved such a rebuke, and resolved to be faithful to him from that time. Yet I distrusted the reality of the work evidently being done in him, because he was drunk.

In the afternoon he was dressed, but hardly more sober. His conviction not only remained but increased. He could not bear to be left alone a moment. Presently the step to which the Spirit was leading him was revealed. He burst forth: 'How can I ever humble myself before God and ask his forgiveness? I've broken my promises to him. I've lied to him. I've cursed him. What use can he have for a poor, miserable, wicked drunkard?'

I read from God's Word. I talked to him quietly. I watched the struggle till it came to the climax when, exclaiming, 'Well, it might as well come now as any time,' he threw himself on his knees—and such a prayer! I could not describe it, and would not if I could. It was an awful confession and cry for mercy. Calm came and great relief. But presently the Spirit began to lead toward another step. The struggle was renewed. Night came. The weather was intensely hot. The man seemed to be burning up with fever and the craving for drink. Not a moment could he be left alone all night, such was his terror of himself. Knives, scissors, even, were hidden from him lest he do something desperate.

The next morning he was informed that he had lost his job. That afternoon I learned that he had no money left, and had been refused credit at noon by a market to which he sent for a five-cent soup-bone. It was the first time he had felt that he could retain any food on his stomach. I saw that he was supplied with bone food and medicines, but he only gained about two hours' rest that night. The physical suffering had decreased greatly, but the Holy Spirit still was at work. Saturday morning, when I called, I found the next victory had been gained. He had restored the family altar that had been broken down for ten years. And this was the step to which the Spirit had been urging him for thirty-six hours. He was now completely sober.

But the Holy Spirit wanted still more. He had been a professing Christian years before, and felt that he ought to make a confession before God's people. I did not see him on Sunday till after the evening service had begun. Then he slipped in and took a seat to one side. I stepped down during the singing of a hymn and asked him if he would be ready to say a word after the sermon. He said he would. I preached on the work of the Holy Spirit, but without referring to his experience. Then I turned to him for his testimony. He rose where he sat, and with bowed head and trembling voice made a confession that went through the audience like an electric shock. Mothers came up at the close of the service and begged for prayers for their boys, wives for their husbands, sons for their parents, sisters for their brothers; and all gathered about this redeemed soul with a word and often a tear of sympathy.

Other victories followed. Tobacco was given up. He must be a clean man for God. 'I would rather give up drinking ten times than chewing once,' he remarked to me afterwards. He soon united with the church, but did not wait for that to begin to preach Jesus Christ to his old associates and even strangers, as he had opportunity. Not one step did I suggest to him. The Holy Spirit was so evidently doing the work and doing it thoroughly, I dared not interfere. I wonder if my interference has hindered his work in any other hearts. At any rate, this is the gift God loves to grant us, more than parents love to give good gifts to their children.

Beer and Disease.

(By Andrew Baxter, Ph.D., Edinburgh.)

Fatty decay sets up in the organs of life morbid conditions which tend to develop into actual disease. The vessels of the beer drinker's liver become clogged, resulting in enlargement and structural alteration of the organ. The first symptoms are biliousness and a general sense of discomfort; and then the usual resource is to swallow a few boxes of some well-puffed patent pills whose purgative action gives temporary relief to the overburdened liver. The frequent repetitions of this cleansing process inflict an enormous amount of 'wear and tear' on the system, which alone must tend to shorten life. Truly, the follies of mankind have proved as rich as Klondike to more than one charlatan.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin says:—'I have seen no person afflicted with gout who has not drunk freely of fermented liquor, as wine and water, or small beer.' Dr. A. B. Garrod writes in his work on 'Gout':—'Stout and porter rank next to wine in predisposing to gout,' and Dr. Charles R. Drysdale said, before the Public Health Section of the British Medical Association:—'The drinking of beer is the greatest cause of gout among the population of London.'

Beer-drinking is responsible for some cases of heart disease. The 'Lancet,' of Aug. 29, 1891, contains the following:—'It is said that disease of the heart is very prevalent in Munich, where the consumption of beer amounts to 565 litres, equal to 124.3 gallons, per head annually; and in the same place the duration of life in the brewing trade is shorter than that of the general population.' Professor Forel, when a student at Munich, found kidney disease almost universally prevalent owing to the excessive consumption of beer. The following is the testimony of Danish doctors:—'Beer-drinking tends especially to injure the heart and kidneys.' From New York, Dr. Montross Palen speaks thus:—

'The man who habitually drinks beer is sure to have Bright's disease. Beer in large quantities is one of the worst things a man can ruin his stomach and organs with.' The 'Scientific American' summarizes the results of beer-drinking thus:—'The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organism, profound and deceptive. Fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, perversion of function, local inflammations of both the liver and the kidneys are constantly present. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease ending fatally. . . . . Public sentiment and legislation should comprehend that all forms of alcohol are dangerous when used.'

The cigarette is made, in most cases, of drugged tobacco. Opium is the chief drug used, a fact testified to by all who investigate. Cigarette smoking is another form of the opium habit.

Correspondence

Hartney, Man.

Dear Editor,—We are having some very cold weather just now. I enjoyed my Christmas this year very much. There are two railways in this town, the Canadian Pacific, and Northern Pacific, the latter coming to this town this fall. Wishing you the compliments of the season, JOHN S.

Enderby, B.C.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like to read it very much. I have two sisters and four brothers. I have four miles to go to school and I think it is a long road. JOHN D. (Aged 9.)

Forest, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. I have five sisters and two brothers. We like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. For pets we have two cats and a Jersey calf, which we ride. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. RALPH N.

Falkland Ridge, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' in my name and like to read it very much, especially the letters. My uncle keeps a post-office. I have one sister younger than myself and three brothers older. We have a little pet kitten named 'Dandy' and a cat named 'Pansy.' My birthday is on July 19. LAURA T. (Aged 9.)

Agricola, North Alberta.

Dear Editor,—Through the kindness of a lady who is a stranger to me I have had the 'Messenger' for quite a while. My mamma reads it to me every week. I am a little cripple nine years old, who never has known the pleasure of walking yet. I often thank the kind lady who sends the 'Messenger,' as we are too poor to take it.

LITTLE LOTTIE T.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' every week and like it very much. I have been interested in the correspondence. I have attended Taylor Street Sunday-school ever since I was two and a half years old.

IDA G. G. (Aged 9.)

Amigari.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have two sisters and a brother. The eldest sister's name is May, the youngest Jean. My brother's name is Arthur I go to Sunday-school in Bridgeburg. love to skate very much.

GEORGE A. H. (Aged 9.)

Bathurst Village.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for one year, and like it very much. Bathurst is about half a mile from the village of Bathurst. The town is on the south side of the harbor and the village on the north. There are four rivers flowing into the harbor, namely, the Nepisquit, the largest, which has two falls, one called Papineau, and the other the Grand Falls, 12 and 74 feet respectively. The other rivers are the Tetagouche, on which is a fall 35 feet high, and Little and Middle rivers. I wish to all the readers of the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide' a happy and prosperous New Year.

I am yours sincerely,
HEDLEY V. HENDERSON

Sandwick, B. C.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write a little letter, to ask you what it would cost to cut and paste the 'Northern Messenger' so that I could alway keep them. I think it is the best and cheapest paper in the world.

B. C.

[We do not do any binding at this office, but you could get the work done at any binder's near you. We have, however, neat wire files on which you place each number of the 'Messenger' as you get it. They keep the numbers nicely together. The price of a file is 30 cents.]

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HOUSEHOLD.

Rug Making.

(By Elsie Gray.)

The majority of housekeepers appreciate the good qualities of rugs. Many of the home-made variety combine beauty with serviceableness in a marked degree, and that is especially true of those made of old ingrain carpet. Their pretty colors, soft texture and handsome nap give them a decidedly Oriental look.

The carpet should be thoroughly beaten, then ripped apart, and the worn portions discarded. Cut the pieces lengthwise the carpet, three-fourths of an inch wide. Fringe the strips to the depth of an inch on each side, lap the ends together, one over the other, and stitch firmly with strong cotton thread, so that neither end will show in the weaving, then wind in balls. The rugs are woven like rag carpet, and much of their durability depends upon the strips being thoroughly beaten together. They are very desirable for centre rugs or crumb cloths, and two or more widths can be used to make it wide enough. The seams will not be discernible after using a little while. Rugs three-fourths of a yard wide are often preferable to wider ones. A strong warp, matching in color the carpet used, should be chosen, and a strip of the same woven in at the ends for hems.

In point of beauty and durability no other home-made rug can compare with those made by drawing strips of soft cloth through burlap, and trimming off the loops evenly on top, provided the colors are pretty and harmoniously blended. Draw a geometrical design all over the burlap foundation, put it in a frame made of four pieces of wood, similar to a quilting frame. Figures or scrolls are pretty, and flowers have always been favored by those who want this kind of rugs. Old cloth will do as well as new, and if you have not the colors desired, dye them with diamond dye. Soft cashmere, flannel or other woollen dress goods can be used in this way. The loops should be placed as closely as possible to make the rug pretty and durable. When finished, cover a piece of strong cloth with good flour paste, press it smoothly upon the back of the rug, and allow it to dry. This prevents the loops from drawing out.

Rugs are often knit in blocks, diamonds, oblong pieces, and gores of different colors joined together to make them the proper shape. Those made of half circles cut from heavy cloth and pinked at the edges, or buttonhole stitched with gay colored yarn upon a strong foundation, are pretty when the work is neatly done. So also are the braided rugs of our grandmothers' time, or even those woven like hit or miss carpet. For the latter, the strips should be two or three times as wide as if intended for a carpet, which makes the rug heavy.

A nice rug to lay beside the bed is made of old stockings, knit of coarse yarn. The brighter the color of the stockings the prettier it will be, and red, blue, green and yellow diamond dye can be used when they are faded. Cut the stockings lengthwise into strips three inches wide. Commencing at the end of each piece, ravel the yarn out on each side, leaving a strip half an inch wide in the centre. Lay them on a foundation previously cut out and hemmed the size you wish your rug to be, and stitch with the machine through the centre of the knit strip. Place the strips as close together as possible until the foundation is covered. The ravelled fringe will be tightly crimped, making it very pretty and warm. A heavy woollen fringe across the ends improves the appearance very much. —'Christian Work.'

Recipes.

Plain Pudding.—To a pint of rich, fresh buttermilk, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoonful of dissolved soda, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a very stiff batter. Turn into a well-buttered mould part of the mixture, then add some bits of jelly, then some more of the batter, then jelly, placing it evenly over the surface, and lastly covering and finishing with the butter. Steam two hours or until it bursts open at the top. Eat with sauce.

Scalloped Fish.—Put two pounds of halibut or any firm white-fleshed fish in a deep frying-pan; add a stalk of celery, four cloves, one-half of a bay leaf, one slice of onion, one tablespoonful of vinegar and sufficient boiling water to cover. Simmer until the flesh draws away from the bone; then drain, and set aside until cold. Remove all skin and bones, and with a fork break into large flakes. Make a white sauce with one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one-half of a tablespoonful of salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, and one cupful of milk. Have ready one pint of hot mashed potato, well seasoned, and add to it the stiffened whipped whites of four eggs. Cover the bottom of a well-greased baking-dish with a thin layer of the potato. Turn in the flaked fish and pour over it the sauce. Spread over it the remainder of the potato, leaving the top quite rough. Brown in a hot oven.

NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

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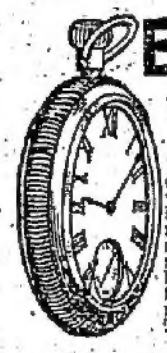

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'